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JOURNAL  
OF  
Dr. Solomon Drowne,



1780.





# JOURNAL

OF A  
CRUISE IN THE FALL OF 1780  
IN THE  
PRIVATE-SLOOP OF WAR, HOPE.

BY  
*SOLOMON DROWNE, M. D.*  
OF PROVIDENCE, R. I.

WITH "NOTES," BY  
*HENRY T. DROWNE.*



NEW YORK.

1872.

H. S.



## PREFACE.

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On the evening of my Fiftieth Anniversary, Master CHARLES L. MOREAU called to request something that could be printed on his Private Press. In order to encourage this enterprising spirit of the latest BRADFORD and FRANKLIN, I have furnished a *Ms. Journal of 1780*, from the Papers of the late Dr. DROWSE. Under "Notes" is given a brief *Sketch of his Life*, also, the *Genealogy of his family*. An emergency at home caused him to embark as *Surgeon* on the *Hope*, but this was his only adventure of the kind. The reader will notice on the 9th. page his marked disapproval of privateering. His allusion to the *Laws of Nations* shows that he had studied VATTTEL; as had also, his distinguished Rhode Island associates, President MAXXING, Col. WARD, Generals GREENE and VARNUM.

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H. T. D.

New York, March 25, 1872.



# JOURNAL.

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TUESDAY, OCT. 3. Sailed from Providence on board the Sloop HOPE, mounting seven guns. Wind at N. E. drizzly, dirty weather. Outsailed Mr. John Brown in his famous boat. Put about for Capt. Munro, and take Mr. Brown and Capt. S— Smith on board, who dine with us. Some time after noon Capt. Munro comes on board, and a few glasses of good wishes founded on Hope having circled, Col. Nightingale, &c. depart, and we proceed on our course. Towards evening come to anchor between Dutch-Island and Conanicut, to get in readiness for the Sea. Officiate as Clerk copying the Articles, &c.



4th. This morning sail from Dutch-Island harbour; at 7 pass the Light-house walls on Beaver Tail; Wind N. E. hazy Weather, — a heavy sea from the southward. I begin to be excessively sea-sick, but do not take my station upon the lee quarter till that side is pretty well manned. This is a sickness, that is indeed enough to depress the spirits even of the brave.

5th. Fresh Breezes and cloudy. Treble reefed Mainsail. Excessive sickness. Hove to. A heavy sea with squalls of rain.

6th. Keep the Cabin. Strong Gales and squally; still lying by. Saw a ship and made sail from her, then brought to again.

7th. Get the Topmast down; balance the Mainsail and lie to: — put our guns in the hold, &c. Afternoon. — The Gale becomes violent. Only one long practiced seaman on board, who says he ever knew it more tempestuous. Nail down our hatches and secure every-





thing in the best manner possible. Have a hole cut through the store room to open a communication fore and aft below the deck. The storm increases. Ship a Sea which carries away some of our crane irons. Get our Axes into the Cabin, ready to cut away the Mast should there be occasion. A becoming fortitude in general predominates on board, though horror stalks around. They who go down to the sea in ships, do indeed see the wonders of the Lord in the deep.

The description of a Tempest translated by Boileau from Longinus, occurs to my mind with peculiar energy.

Comme l'on voit les flots, soulevés par l'Orage,  
Fondre sur un Vaisseau qui s'oppose à leur

Rage,

Le vent avec Fureur dans les Voiles frémit;

La Mer blanchit d'écume, et l'air au loin  
gémît;

Le Matelot troublé, que son Art abandonne,



Croit voir dans chaque Flot la Mort qui l'environne.

I like this description because there are no little, trifling incidents thrown in. 'Tis short and energetic — grand and forcive like the storm itself. . . . . One, now, can scarce refrain from envying the Husbandman, who, folded on his bed of placid quiet, hears the wind whistle round his steady Mansion, whilst our ears are assailed by its rude howling through the Cordage — our vessel tossed upon the foaming surges. Thrice happy rural life! and too happy countrymen, did they but know their happiness.——

—The gale moderates; the wind shifts and the sea begins to be appeased. — GOD of Nature! who that sees thy greatness on the wide extended Ocean, but must be filled with Adoration; and feel a submission of heart to thy eternal orders. —

8th. Moderate Weather after the Storm.



Get our clothes, &c. out to dry. Cloudy still. — Our Mariners wonder we came off so well as we did; and indeed, we escaped to admiration, owing in some measure to the goodness of our vessel, and the taking every precaution, previous to the severity of the gale. Towards evening a Sail seen from mast-head: set sail and stand for her.

9th. “*Post Nubila, PHOEBUS.*” — A beautiful morning. How cheering are the beams of the sun! I view him almost with the Sentiments of a Persian. — Those surly billows that erewhile buffeted us to and fro, and would suffer us no peace, are composed as the infant that has bawled itself to rest. ——— A large number of Whale of the *Spermaceti* Kind playing round us this morning: — and let them sport: — the Father of the Universe has given them the expanded Ocean for the wide Scene of their happiness. ——— Nothing of said Sail to be seen. — Have an



Observation for the first time. Latitude  $38^{\circ} 37'$ .

My Variation Chart of no use for want of an Azimuth Compass. Afternoon, discover a Ship standing to the eastward.

10th. No remarkable occurrence. Lat. —  $54'$ .

11th. Whilst at Dinner, a Sail cried. Immediately give chase, and discover another. One, a sloop which bears down upon us; the other a brig. Make every preparation for an engagement; but, on approaching and hailing the Sloop, she proved to be the Randolph, Capt. Fosdick from New London, - mounting 18 four pounders, | 140 tons. | The Brig, with only two guns, her prize from England, taken at 8 o'clock this morning. — Capt. Fosdick says her Cargo amounted to £20,000 Sterling. What good and ill fortune were consequent on that capture! — Hard for those poor fellows, their tedious Voyage being just





accomplished, thus to have their brightening prospect clouded in a moment.

If Virtue is the doing good to others, privateering cannot be justified upon the principles of Virtue; — though I know it is not repugnant to THE LAWS OF NATIONS, but rather deemed policy amongst warring powers thus to distress each other, regardless of the suffering individual. But however agreeable to, and supportable by the rights of war; yet, when individuals come thus to despoil individuals of their property, 'tis hard: — the cruelty then appears, however, political.

12th. Early this morning two sail in sight, a Ship and Brig. Chase them chief of the day to no purpose. We conclude they sail well, and may be bound to Philadelphia. — Lat. 39° 6'. Soundings 19 fathoms. Lost sight of the Randolph by the chase.

13th. A foggy morning and Scotch mist. Clears away pleasant. Lat. 39° 31'. This



Afternoon a Sloop discovered under the lee bow standing before the wind: All hands upon deck preparing for the chase: — but little wind so the oars are to be plied. I must go and see how we come on. — Night obliges us to give over the pursuit.

14th. A sail seen from Mast-head; proves a Ship. We chase. Catch a Herring-Hog, which makes us a fine Breakfast, and dinner for the whole crew. Another sail heaves in sight. Upon a nearer approach the Ship appears to be of the line. Several in sight. Towards evening signal guns heard. We take them to be men of War, standing in, N. W. by W. Longitude by reckoning  $73^{\circ} 30''$ . Lat.  $39^{\circ} 34'$  26 fathoms. A pleasant moon-light Evening. Spend it in walking the Quarter Deck.

15th. A pleasant day. See a Sail to windward: as she rather approaches us we lie a hull for her. I think it is more agreeable



waiting for them, than rowing after them. Get a fishing line under way: catch a Hake and a few Dog-fish. It being Sunday, try the efficacy of a clean shirt, in order to be something like folks ashore. Give chase, as the vessel comes down rather slow. On approaching discover her to be a *Sloop*. She hauls her wind and stands from us: -- sails very heavy, and Capt. Munro is sanguine in the belief we shall make a prize of her. Get everything in readiness to board her. There seems something awful in the preparation for an attack, and the immediate prospect of an action. She hauls up her courses and hoists English Colours. I take my station in the Cabin; where, remain not long before I hear the Huzza on deck in consequence of her striking. Send our boat for the Captain & his papers. She sailed from Kingston, Jamaica, upwards of 40 days since, in a fleet, and was bound to New York: Capt. William Small, Commander. She has



ten men on board and four excellent four pounders. Her Cargo consists of 149 Puncheons, 23 Hogsheads, 3 Quarter Casks and 9 Barrels of Rum, and 20 Hogsheads Muscovado Sugar. Send two prize Masters and ten men on board, get the prisoners on board our Vessel, and taking the prize in tow, stand towards Egg Harbour. We hardly know what to do with the prize: the wind shifting a little we stand to the eastward.

16th. Keep an eastern course, to try to get her into our harbour if possible. Now we are terribly apprehensive of seeing a sail.

About sunset a sail seen from mast-head, which excites no small anxiety. Cast off the Snow's hawser, &c. — however night coming on and seeing no more of said sail, pursue our course. Sound, 42 fathoms of water.

17th. Strong Gales at N. N. W. and very cold. Lat.  $40^{\circ} 30'$ . Afternoon — moderates somewhat: — take the old Snow in tow





again. We expect to bring up somewhere in the neighbourhood of Martha's Vineyard. A squall with hail and snow comes up which splits the Snow's jib to pieces. A little bird came on board rendered quite tame by its long, hazardous flight. Amuse myself with looking over a Quarter Waggoner, taken out of the snow. Take a drink of Grog, made of snow-water. — Very heavy squalls indeed this night, with a rough, bad sea; obliged to cast off the dull Snow and let her go her pace. About 42 fathoms water. Sleep little.

18th. Boisterous weather still, a tumbling sea going. Feel qualmish. Lat.  $40^{\circ} 40'$ . — The wind so contrary that we make but slow advances towards our desired haven. Just as I was pleasing myself with the idea of a speedy conclusion to this disagreeable cruise, a sail is cried, which perhaps will protract it, if not show us York in our way home. the sail appears to be a brig, and not stand-



ing for us, as we at first apprehended. We chase till night prevents. Lose sight of the Snow; fire signal guns, show false fires and a lantern, but see no answer.

19th. The Snow in sight this morning; run along side and take her in tow again. They say they answered our signals, though unseen by us. A pretty bird caught on board: the Carolina red bird. More moderate weather. Lat.  $40^{\circ} 30''$ . At this rate the West Indies will bring us up sooner than Martha's Vineyard or Nantucket. 49 fathoms. Have our Pistols hang up in the Cabin, to be in readiness for the prisoners, should they take it into their heads to rise upon the watch in the night. --

20th. Thick weather, and the wind contrary. Depth of water, 17 fathoms. Surely we must be nigh some land; and were it not such weather, perhaps might see it. Lat.  $33^{\circ} 59''$ . A good southwardly breeze last



evening shoved us up to this latitude. — Here we are, becalmed and fairly lost: for whether we are to the eastward of Nantucket, or between Martha's Vineyard and Block Island, or the last and Montauk Point ( a little to the southward of them all ) is a matter in question amongst our Seamen. About sunset I go on board the Snow, at Capt. Small's request to do something for his Rheumatic Knee, and see a very sick boy: after prescribing for him, examining the medicine box, giving directions, &c. return to the Sloop.

21st. Very calm. Not a breath to ruffle the Ocean. How uneasy every one on board is, fearing to lose the prize; but, if we can't stir hence; others can't come here to molest us. 14 fathoms of water, with yellowish, small gravel stones, according to some the sign of No Man's Land, to others of Montauk. — I hope we shall know where we are, soon. The Horizon too hazy yet to see far. — Half past



10.—At length the agreeable prospect presents itself. Martha's Vineyard, &c. full in view. What an excellent landfall! To one who was never out of sight of land a whole day before,—the seeing it again is very pleasing, though after only seventeen days deprivation. It is very disagreeable tossing about in so small a vessel at this season of the year. Lat. 41° 17'. A pilot comes on board,—and soon after another; but too late. We go in between No Man's Land and Gay-Head, so called from its exhibiting a variety of colours when the sun shines bright upon it, especially just after a rain. — Elizabeth Islands in sight on the Starboard side. Cuddy Hunk the west-most. 10 o'clock P. M. — We now have Seaconnet Point astern, therefore are safe: pass up the East side of Rhode Island. Our men are in uncommon spirits. — Anchor about a league up the passage.

22nd. Sunday. Very foggy. What wind





there is, ahead. — Weigh Anchor, and out oars. — A fair gentle breeze springs from the South. Pass through Bristol Ferry way with hard tugging about the middle of the afternoon: come to Anchor in the Bay, but where rendered uncertain by the fog having come up again. — About 6 o'clock Capt. Munro and I, with four of the Hands set off for Providence in the boat: being enveloped in an uncommon thick fog, take a Compass and a lantern on board; — but proceed not far, the smallness of the boat, and the inexperience of the rowers, occasioning a motion agitating our Compass beyond use; therefore, are glad to find the way back to the Hope, which is effected by their fixing a lantern in the shrouds, in consequence of our raising ours and hailing.

23rd. Early, after breakfast, we set off again in the boat, with the Compass, being still surrounded with an excessive fog.



Run ashore to the Eastward of Nayat Point, and mistake it for Cominicut: however, arrive at Providence about 11 o'clock, it having cleared off very pleasant. Thus ends our short, but tedious cruise. — At sunset the Sloop and Snow arrive, firing 13 cannon each. —





## NOTES.

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### SKETCH OF DR. DROWNE.

The Author of the foregoing Journal was graduated at Brown University in 1773, and after completing his medical studies in the University of Pennsylvania, entered the army of the Revolution as Surgeon, serving under Dr. John Morgan, Director General of Hospitals in New York at the time of the evacuation, and for several years afterwards in the Rhode Island Hospital, in Sullivan's Expedition upon Rhode Island, and also in Col. Crary's and Col. Atwill's Regiments. During the stay of the Comte De Rochambeau's Army at Newport and at Providence, he became intimate with many of his Officers and Surgeons, with whom he afterwards corresponded.

After the Revolutionary struggle he practiced medicine in Providence, and in 1783



was elected to the Board of Fellows of Brown University. He visited the Hospitals and Medical Schools of London, Paris and Holland in 1784—5, attending the lectures of Cline, Hunter, Pelletou, Louis, Brisson and others, and forming the acquaintance of Drs. Moreton, Pole, Sharpe, and Lettsom, also of Sheridan and Granville Sharpe the philanthropist, with several of whom he frequently corresponded. While in France, he was often a guest of Dr. Franklin at Passy, and of Mr. Jefferson then visiting Paris, in whose society he met many distinguished Americans and Europeans.

Soon after his return, in 1788 he visited the West, and took part in the settlement of Marietta, participating with Gen. St. Clair and others in the Indian Treaties at Fort Harmar with Corn Planter and other noted Chiefs. While here he pronounced a Funeral Eulogy on General Varnum, one of the founders of Marietta, and delivered the first Anniversary Address on its settlement, April 7, 1789. Subsequently he resumed



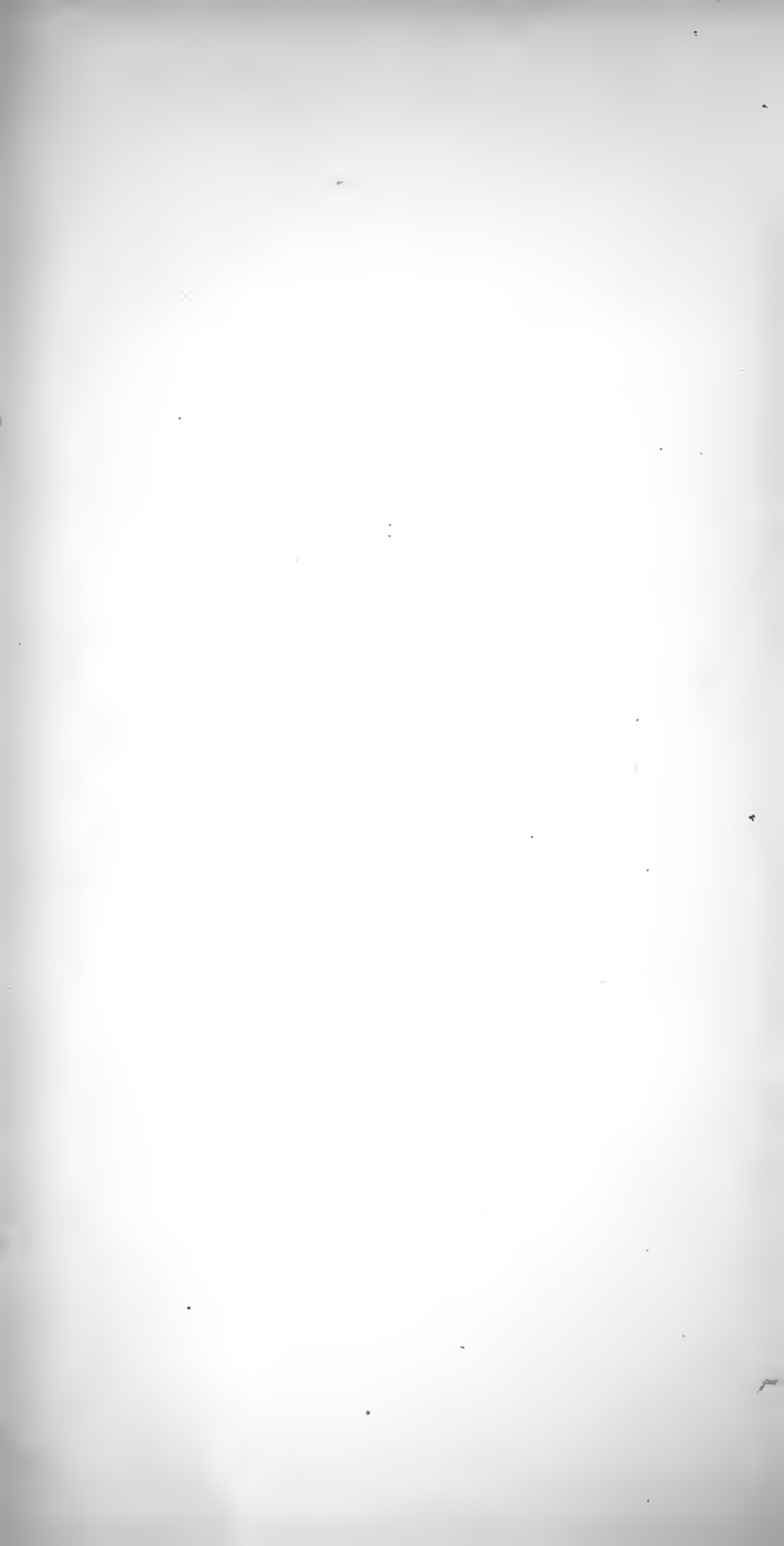


practice in his native city, but in consequence of impaired health, removed with his family to Virginia in 1792, paying on his way a visit to Washington at Mt. Vernon, and settling for a time in Morgantown near Spring Hill, the residence of his friend Mr. Albert Gallatin.

Early in 1794, the danger from the border incursions of the Indians being over, he proceeded to Union, Penn. where he lived seven years.

In 1801, he retraced his steps to Rhode Island, and a little later settled in Foster, adjoining the Estate of his friend the Hon. Theodore Foster, the first Senator from the State to Congress. Here he resided the remainder of his days, devoting himself to professional duties, to his extensive botanical garden, and to his scientific, classical and literary studies.

Dr. Drowne filled several public offices. He was in 1811 appointed Professor of Materia Medica and Botany in Brown University; and in 1819 elected a delegate to the Convention which formed the National Pharmacopœia, by the R. I. Medical Society, of which he was



a Vice President. He took an active part in the organization and proceedings of the R. I. Society for the Encouragement of Domestic Industry, with the Hon. Tristram Burges, John Brown Francis, Wm. Rhodes, Thomas Stafford, Judge Staples, and others; and delivered the Addresses before the Society on several occasions. In 1824, in connection with his son, William Drowne, he published the *Farmer's Guide*, a comprehensive and valuable work on husbandry and gardening. He contributed various scientific and literary articles to the Journals of the day, and participated in the proceedings of the Am. Academy of Arts and Sciences and other learned bodies, of which he was a member. His Lines to the Memory of Dr. JOSEPH WARREX written shortly after the Battle of Bunker Hill are truly patriotic and evince the brotherly regard that existed between them professionally and as "Sons of Liberty." During his life he delivered many public orations and addresses, highly creditable to him as a man of refined taste and varied acquisitions.



among which may be mentioned his Eulogy on Washington, Feb. 22, 1800, and his Oration in Aid of the Cause of the Greeks, Feb. 23, 1824.

In closing, we may refer to other sketches of the life of Dr. Drowne, published from time to time: by Dr. Parsons in the *Providence Literary Journal*, May 10, 1834; by Professor Goddard in his *Writings and Biographical Notices*; by the Rev. T. S. Drowne D. D. in *The Sketches of R. I. Physicians*, in the *N. Y. Letters during the American Revolution*, and in Mr. Dawson's edition of *Dring's Recollections of the Jersey Prison-Ship*; by the Rev. C. C. Beaman in his *Sketches of Foster*, published in the *Providence Journal*; by the Rev. Edwin M. Stone in Vol. VI. of the *Coll. R. I. Hist. Society*; by the Hon. James W. Beekman in his *Centenary Address before the N. Y. Hospital*, 1871; also in the *Biographical Dictionaries of the Rev. J. L. Blake, D. D.*, and of F. S. Drake; while honorable mention has been made of him in the *Alumni Discourse of Judge Pitman* in 1843, and the



Centennial of President Sears in 1864; also in the Rev. Dr. F. Vinton's Oration before the Sons of Rhode Island, and in Mr. R. A. Guild's Life of Manning, and his History of Brown University. \*



[ \* The last Portrait of Dr. Drowne was painted by C. C. Ingham for the Collection of worthies in Rhode Island Hall, at the request of President Sears and the Hon. John R. Bartlett, Secretary of State. It was copied, as was also that by S. R. Gifford, from the portrait painted in London by James Earl in 1785. In his later years, an excellent miniature was executed by Mrs. Eliza Hall Ward ( Mother of Henry H. Ward Esq. of New York and sister of the gifted Artist Miss Anne Hall, ) and presented to the writer. ]







## THE DROWNE FAMILY.

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LEONARD DROWNE, b. — 1646, came from England to America after the accession of Charles II; m. — 1679-80 ELIZABETH ABBOT of Portsmouth, N. H., settled at Kittery, Maine, where he carried on ship building until driven away by the Indian wars in 1692, when he removed his family and business to Boston, Mass. He d. Oct. 31, 1729, and his wife in 1704; children, SOLOMON, Samuel, Simeon, Shem, Susanna, and Mary.

SOLOMON, b. Jan. 23, 1681, Ship Builder at Bristol, R. I. m. Nov. 8, 1705 ESTHER ~~W.~~; b. Aug. 18, 1687; he d. Oct. 9, 1730, and she d. July 26, 1744; children, SOLOMON, Esther, Elizabeth, Edward, Joseph, Bathsheba, Benjamin, Mary, (Rev.) Samuel, Sarah, Jonathan and Shem.

SOLOMON, b. Oct. 4, 1706, Merchant and Statesman of Providence, R. I. m. first June 16, 1732 SARAH TILLINGHAST who was b.



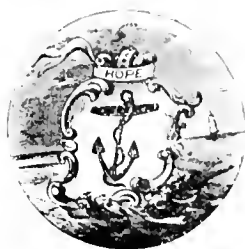
May 20, 1702 and d. Dec. 29, 1748 without issue. He m. second July 2, 1749 MERCY TULLINGHAST ARNOLD b. — 1710; he d. June 25, 1780 and she d. Jan. 14, 1782; children, Sarah, Solomon and William, Prisoner in the Old Jersey.

SOLOMON (M. D.) b. in Providence, March 11, 1753, m. Nov. 20, 1777 ELIZABETH (daughter of Thomas and Honora) RUSSELL of Boston, Mass. b. April 16, 1759, d. May 15, 1844. He d. in Foster, R. I. Feb. 5, 1834; children, Sophia, Eliza Russell, Cornelia, Sophia, Sophia, Sarah, William, Solomon H. and HENRY B.

HENRY BERNARDIN, b. April 6, 1799, of Providence, m. April 24, 1821 JULIA ANN (daughter of Thomas and Polly) STAFFORD of Warwick, R. I. b. June 5, 1802; children, HENRY THAYER, THOMAS STAFFORD [D. D.] b. July 9, 1823, Rector of St. Paul's Church, Brooklyn, L. I., Solomon, Louisa, Christopher Rhodes, George Russell and Julia Anne.



HENRY THAYER, b. March 25, 1822, of New York, m. Dec. 24, 1851 SARAH RHODES (daughter of George C. and Phebe Rhodes) ARNOLD of Providence, R. I. b. March 2, 1832; only son, HENRY RUSSELL, b. Aug. 31, 1860.







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